



*30 years of publication*

**Mosaic 2007**

# MOSAIC 2007

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## EDITORS' NOTE

To the reader,

Thank you for your support of the 2006–2007 Mosaic Magazine.

### WHO WE ARE

We are Ohio State's undergraduate Art & Literature Magazine.

Mosaic serves the students and faculty in the arts and English communities.

### WHAT WE DO

We hold poetry readings and art shows every quarter, the event Professor/Protégé every winter, and our annual magazine publication every spring.

### WITH SUPPORT FROM

We on staff greatly appreciate all who came and participated at our poetry readings and annual Professor/Protégé event. This year we featured the work of English Professor Sebastian Knowles with his protégés Jordan Robison and Zachariah S. Germaniuk, and Art Professor Carmel Buckley with her protégé Sarah Blyth-Stephens. Your work has truly been inspirational to us, which is why we say, "creativity is contagious."

We also give a heartfelt thank-you to our always busy-yet-dedicated advisor, Karrie Mills. Without her guidance none of this would be possible.

Of course we must thank those who help disseminate our events information—those of you forwarding e-mails and hand-drawing flyers. Your help has been essential to our continued success.

### BECOME ONE OF US

Do you share our ideals? Do you have new ideas? We are looking for students to help us succeed in our mission. Apply to be a staff member!

OR submit your art and literature for publication in our next magazine!

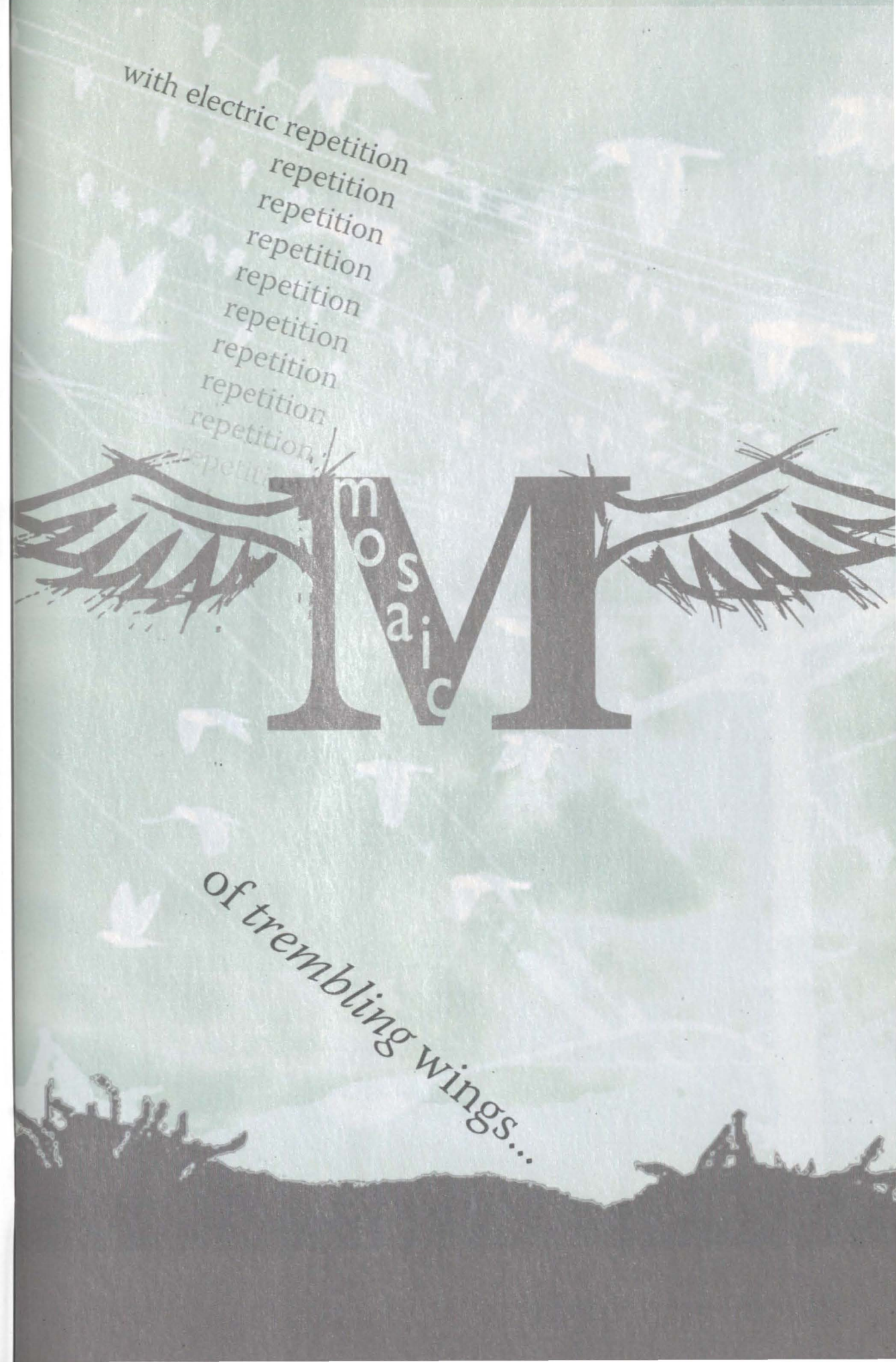
Check out our website for updates and applications:

<http://mosaic.org.ohio-state.edu/>

Thanks again,

Kaela King and Susan Sprague

Co-Editors in Chief, 2006–2007









**MELANIE LUKEN** *Orion's Belt*

◇ 3rd place poetry winner

The house is full of lined sheets of music  
with no notes and even  
the bright colors of the television are dull:  
Dorothy and Toto never left Kansas,  
like you left us.

Photographs have faded  
into more magnificence  
like leaves turning orange in autumn,  
when we'd eat cake  
three times in September.  
Now we eat cake only twice,  
never chocolate.

She weeps like frogs hiccupping  
on the phone,  
saying hold on and blaming laughter.  
She smiles the way that cats do,  
only in mirrors  
when the light plays peek-a-boo  
with grown ups.

We are Orion's belt  
lightyears away  
sculpting a line together,  
though your voice never shakes  
the cold tambourines in our ears.

You've joined my  
two navy mittens  
with holes between the thumbs,  
sitting alone  
in a lost and found  
where I will never find them.



**JANETUSS** *Anemone* hand-felted wool, beads, sequins, wire, and thread





**BRITTANY RANSOM** *Birds don't fly* digital art  
printed on canvas

**BRIAN BUCKLEY** *Austromenock*

Too young to fear, though not yet brave  
We chanced the arbitrary wave  
And scorned alike both home and shore  
Disdaining legend's wiser lore—  
That beast of idle sailors' talk:  
Austromenock!

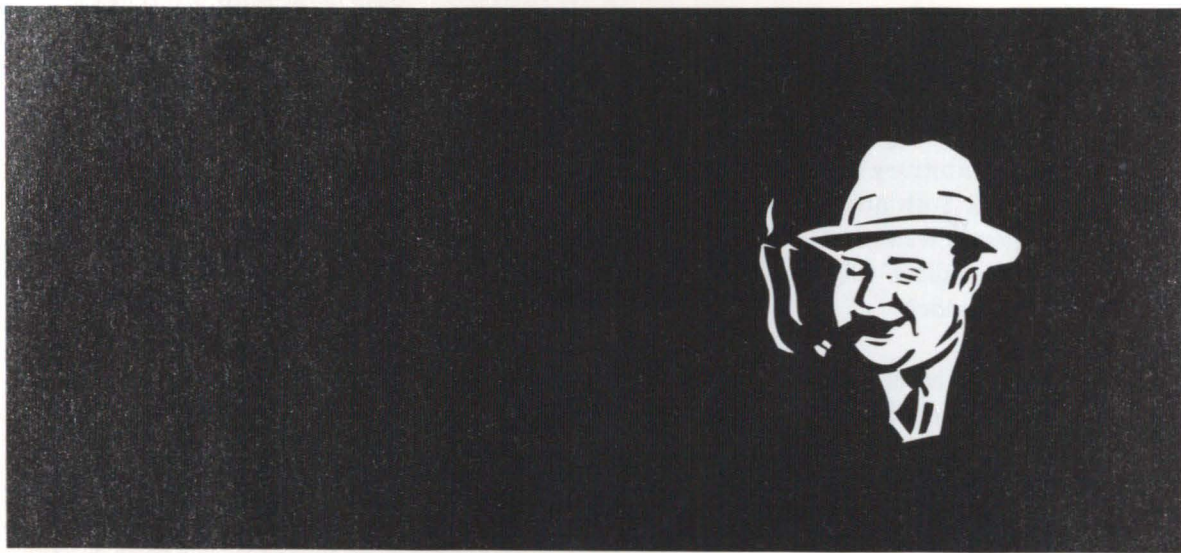
The flashing night cascaded grim  
On heaven's flowering diadem;  
We watched the sea uncoiling whip  
Resurgent bellows past our ship.  
Whose visage caused our craft to rock?  
Austromenock!

Omniscient eye! Serrated claw  
And barnacle-encrusted maw!  
Unnumbered arms—a panoply  
Of suckered limbs beneath the sea  
And thickened plates that interlock—  
Austromenock!

Behold our doom: the waters spoke  
Annihilating at a stroke  
And timbers swept like blades of grass  
Pursuing that colossal mass  
Whose wake released its aftershock:  
Austromenock!

Now I alone survive to tell  
Of how my crew and captain fell;  
I heed at last the banshee's wail;  
And if someday you brave the sail,  
Remember, ere you leave the dock—  
Austromenock!







The thing about passing people at the doorway on my way into work is they always seem happier to be there than I am. They look like the air isn't poking its icy way through the layers of their clothes, like the busted under wires to their bras aren't scratching at their breasts. When I swipe my ID card at the employee entrance, feel the warm, inside air in the doorway, what hits me is the glittering gold tinsel garland lining the walls and the piped-in, non-denominational Christmas music. Here, with the Christmas trees everywhere and the cold air from outside making them blush festively, all of them in layers and scarves, the people I work with could be just more holiday decorations. The thing is, they look like they're not worried about finding new jobs at the end of the Christmas shopping season.

Through the double doors to the call center, my first stop is a table off to the right where two cardboard boxes sit. Before I head into the spider web of fluorescent lights and off-white partition walls where three hundred people are running through the call script at once, three hundred people slouching in their chairs and asking rich customers across the country whether they'd like to hear about today's featured items, I stop by this table. In each box is a pile of dark gray, polyester-foam earphone covers. The box on the left says, "dirty;" the box on the right, "clean."

You take a clean pair of earphone covers at the beginning of each shift, because otherwise you'd have to sit there all night with your head strapped into the same earpieces that some first shift worker was sweating in all day. Your wax and their wax, pooling inside pockets of polyester. It's like in elementary school, when they'd send home a note telling all the parents to check all their little kids' heads because one of the little kids in class had head lice. It never takes the little kids long to figure out who is absent, whose head is a bug habitat. When they talk about how the world is getting smaller, how much faster communication is getting, they're not just talking about cell phones and the Internet. There are other things you can communicate besides just ideas and money. Just like when you go to the library to check your email, those library computers all have signs above the monitors that say, "No Chat, No Porn," and it's not to protect kids. That sign's there because if you go to enough porno websites, you end up with a computer boiling with viruses. These days, not even cybersex is safe.

I'm fumbling with my headset as I sit down at an empty computer terminal. The headset feels cheap and in danger of breaking. The girl at the terminal next to mine, her phone voice chirping an octave above her regular speaking voice, tells a customer, "If you would like to upgrade to the deluxe Christmas basket, I can offer you ten percent off of that item today." It's just when I'm about to punch in the seven-digit code from the back of my ID card and start work that I feel my cell phone vibrate in the bottom of my purse. Maybe I'm still a little bit high from earlier, or maybe it's some conditioned response to the buzzing plastic between my fingers, but I already feel sexy when the liquid crystal display on my phone tells me that I have a text message from Kevin. Not big-deal sexy, just a quick, inward smile.

Kevin's message says, "Hey, give me a call, I need 2 talk 2 U."

The girl next to me says, "Our phone special today," and, honestly, I'm not feeling so sexy anymore.

On the phone, it helps me to give people a fake name. Thank you for calling Harvey and Mike's, I tell them, and my name is Alicia. The good thing about Alicia is she's a made-up character so she has no trouble being maple syrup polite and TV infomercial helpful to rich strangers. Sure, I don't give a rat's ass whether anyone orders today's featured box of Bartlet pears, but Alicia does. Somehow, Alicia has tasted everything in the catalog from the Bing cherry chocolates to the smoked salmon and she loved them all. Someone got her the cheesecake petits fours for her birthday last year. She thought the chocolate gelt coins in the Hanukkah box were delicious.

If the customer is already in the system, I ask do they want to order off their gift list. The gift list is everyone they sent gift baskets to last year, saved in the computer. So many people just send the same thing to the same person every year. To these customers, this is only their light holiday shopping. The \$49.99 Tower of Treats is just what rich people send to their dentists, people on the C or D list of friends. Acquaintances. People they'd avoid talking to at parties. Nothing says "I don't really know you that well" like the Fruit of the Month Club.

The ones on the gift list aren't the same ones on the list for wedding invitations.

Everyone has the people in their lives arranged on different lists. There are some people you call if you're in an accident, and some you text message for parties. There's the list of people you buy Christmas presents for and the list of people you've slept with. Your mom might be on the list you send forwarded emails to, but no way is she one of your friends on Myspace.

I've only been at work for an hour and a half, and already my ears feel sensitive from the headphones. Me in the thankless role of Alicia says, "Our featured items for the day are the box of Cream of the Crop Bartlet pears and the holiday sweets box." What Alicia doesn't tell the customer is that the featured items aren't on sale. They're just featured. Mrs. Lancaster, calling from Flagstaff, orders the box of pears for her housekeeper. Forty bucks for what the catalog describes as a box of five to seven pears. I'm entering the housekeeper's address, punching in the preset code to tag the package with a "Feliz Navidad" sticker, when my cell phone buzzes and rattles across the desktop.

It's another text from Kevin. This time he asks, "R U @ work?"

OK, so I haven't replied to him yet. Whatever he means by "I need 2 talk 2 U," I'd rather not hear it till after work. Really and truly, I don't want to have the sort of relationship with Kevin where we need to talk about anything. I'd rather just talk to him when I want to, and he can save needing to talk for his girlfriend. Sometimes, the best thing for a relationship is not communicating.

On the phone, Mrs. Lancaster thinks she's talking to Alicia. She asks how the cheddar cheese in the deluxe fruit basket is, and I tell her that it is perfect with wine. It's all a question of how much of myself I'm willing to share.

The thing with Kevin is, OK, sure, he's cute. Yeah, yeah, he plays in a band. The thing with Kevin is you believe he's a nice guy even if you know better.

It's way after the show's over that it happens, and we've both had plenty to drink. The two of us sit on the trunk of his car, him sneaking cans of Miller High Life out of the back seat. We talk and staggering people trickle out of the bar. An hour passes. Before long, it's only the two of us in the November cold, using that trunk as a bench. This version of Kevin, what he's willing to share with me, is a guy who thinks the Misfits are overrated. He reads Harry Potter and he loves my Mario Brothers tattoo. And, OK, sure, a big part of it is just the way his smile glimmers on his lips in the orange streetlight. It's just booze and evolution that make him look harmless. But really, the way he asks if he can kiss me while he's leaning in to kiss me, the tremble in his fingers as he brushes my hair behind my ear, you look at him and tell me that this isn't a nice guy.

When his fourth text message sends my phone into spasms, I don't look at it right away. Stuck between dread and curiosity, I take a few orders while my phone sits there, a red light blinking, begging for attention. Whatever he has to tell me, if it's serious, I'd rather read it in a text message than have to talk in person. I'd rather have numeral twos in place of the words to or too. 2 soften the blow, thank U.

The message says he's sorry. Written with no apostrophes, in text message shorthand, it says, "I don't know where I got it but I wanted 2 let U know." And when people say, "I don't know where I got it," what they really mean is, "Thanks a lot for dumping that bucket of VD all over my crotch." I'm on the phone with a customer, and I can't begin to think of how to segue into a pitch for the daily special. Maybe it's just that I'm not high anymore, but none of the pictures from the catalog make me want to eat anything. On the computer, I punch in the code for a bathroom break.

I could still be all right. There is at least a clinic visit standing between this moment and the time to really panic. But still, I'm making the list, the four or five people I should definitely get in touch with if I test positive. Even in the short list, there are people I'd rather not talk to. People who I'd avoid if I saw them at a party. I wonder how far could the circle go, everyone sharing the same smuggled strain of sickness, everyone saying, "I don't know where I got it." Everyone blaming everyone else. By this time, it's close to the end of the day. On the table by the door, the box of clean earphone covers is almost empty.



After hearing for at least five minutes  
about how her new cell phone  
flips open differently than her old one,  
I took out my own  
and tossed it in my orange juice.

Upon hearing about how much she fights  
with her asshole boyfriend, I decided  
right then to relinquish my boyfriendship.  
I went to call my girlfriend,  
but instead took a sip of orange juice.











**ELISE KAHL** *Farsighted Demeanor* scratchboard

◇ 3rd place art winner

**JANE TUSS** *Expertise*

I told you  
that I was an expert at death,  
that I knew the ins and outs  
of the winding rooms of the funeral home on Philadelphia Drive,  
adorned with tacky landscape paintings,  
supported by stale walls.

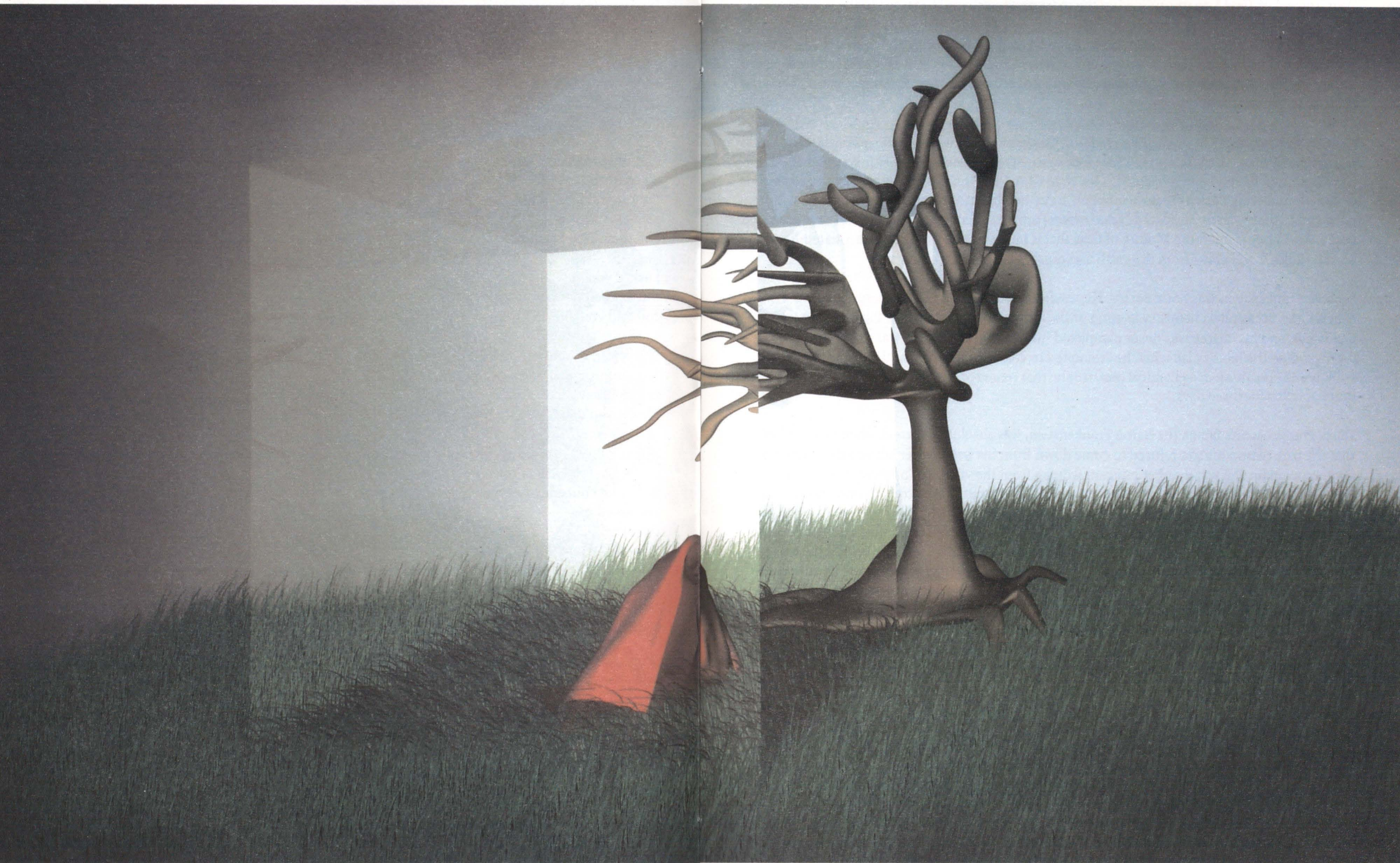
I told you that I knew where the toilet was in the back of the funeral home  
and I knew the location of the hidden stairwell  
that led to the attic  
where little kids could get away and play after watching  
their granddaddies,  
and their aunts,  
and their little brothers  
die.

I asked you,  
"Since when does knowing my way around make me an expert at death?"  
You said you didn't know.

Years later, your auntie died.  
To comfort you, I told you I hated you  
and I pretended to punch you in the face.  
I knew you didn't want to hear that I was sorry.

You and I took steps back  
to get a better view of things.  
We looked outside of ourselves.  
You asked me,  
then I asked you,  
"What's the point of all of this?"  
You said you didn't know.  
I didn't know either.  
Then, I reminded you that I was an expert at dying,  
not an expert at living.







Dear Townsfolk (and I do mean "folk" in the most provincial and backward sense of the word),

Please take this letter to the nearest university to be read to you (I suggest Goldstadt Medical Academy) as I am certain that those few of you possessing the ability to read will yet need the aid of a learned person to understand the full import of this missive, due to their sadly constrained vocabulary.

Now, with the daunted hope that the reader of this letter will not be sounding out the "hard words" that follow, I wish to set the record straight. First, my name is not Frankenstein. That Germanic appellation belongs rightly to the man who, I know not how, managed to create out of bits of moldering flesh a creature infinitely more intelligent than himself—your author. Nor need you bother with the awkward "Frankenstein's monster," for I have a good Christian name: Leslie. And I swear upon the Mother of God that if I hear you chortling from my flame-licked seat in Hades, I will crawl from the earth and crush you.

Second, Frankenstein was not a doctor. His medical study consisted of correspondence courses and occasional chemistry lectures at the local community college, the aforementioned Goldstadt, and his degree was never completed (much less earned). He was expelled summarily for exploding the biology lab when he attempted to create, in his words, "the world's largest stink bomb," resulting in a chemical catastrophe that rendered the entire campus so rank it was uninhabitable for three days.

Third, Frankenstein's father, the Baron Frankenstein, was absolutely correct when he surmised that the true reason his son refused to come down from his watchtower lab was that there was another woman. She was a rather pungent woman from the village, a "professional" whom Frankenstein called "Milly." She smoked cheap French cigarettes and wore no underwear.

Fourth, I was not created from the bodies of hanged men and criminal brains. Frankenstein's other hobby at the time was amateur pornography, and after a botched fake snuff film that was intended to star "Harry the Horse" (not his real name, thank God), he had a body to reanimate. Yes, my lascivious readers—I have Harry's namesake organ. Some of you are no doubt now regretting your decision to kill me.

Fifth, the little wench you have most unjustly accused me of murdering was not killed by me. When I found her near her father's house, she was picking her nose and eating the fruit of her search. She stared at me when I appeared.

"You're ugly," she said. "You should take a bath."

She proceeded to take me by the hand and drag me towards the lake. As I was unable to swim, I stopped at the edge and refused to go any further. She continued pulling my hand, so violently that when she lost her grip and went flying backwards into the water, there was nothing I could do to stop her. I believe she hit her head on the bottom, for she didn't rise to the surface.

Sixth, the chaste and frightened wife of Herr Frankenstein was neither chaste nor frightened when I climbed in her window on my way to kill the miserable bastard who had created me. "Aren't you Harry the Horse?" she asked. "I'm a fan."

I growled and tried to push past her to the door. "Oh, do wait," she said, wrapping her white, lace-swagged arms around me. "Won't you at least give me a kiss?"

The placement of her left hand let me know that her definition of a kiss and mine were somewhat different. I swept her aside and began to stalk towards the door when she stopped me and looked deeply into my eyes. As I am a gentleman, it is not my place to say what happened next, except to clarify that her screams were not of a woman in distress, and her apparent faint when her doltish husband broke into the room was actually *le petit mort*.

I would add the details of my fiendish mistreatment by the dwarf Fritz to this record, except the floor on the opposite side of the windmill has collapsed and the smoke is causing my eyes to water, making it difficult to write. This brief record, then, will have to be the extent of my clarifications to the no doubt grossly misrepresented story of my life that will be told in the future.

Entrusting it to the care of whomever may find it below when I throw it out the window, I leave you, with the tenderest regards,

Leslie.

Post Script—I warned you. Laugh and I'll crush your windpipe.





**CHARLIE MARS-MAHLAU** *Wonder* digital photograph



**NICOLE ZMIJ** *Tender Engagement* ink, acrylic, and gouache on canvas





JACLYN JANIS *Pangaea*

religion  
like Pangaea  
like plate tectonics  
it

split

at borders unmarked  
by us but by  
observation we let them be.

the plates of continents  
converge and diverge  
in fateful fits and  
shaking and cold shoulders  
breaking ground

there are sailors on seas between  
vast continents of thought  
where, standing on no man's land,  
they waver  
and rock

until some fateful day  
a distant forgotten  
island appears on the horizon  
and an ancient idea is  
reborn

for they swear no  
allegiance  
to any continent  
and pledge all  
to exploration.





**COLE THOMAS MOFFAT** *Choices (series of 2)* acrylic on canvas



**CHARLIE MARS-MAHLAU** *Laundromat I & 2* digital art prints



**LOIS KWA** *He the lamb she the slaughter*

◇ 2nd place poetry winner

Your true name falls from my lips  
and it's target practice, and now  
the waiting begins

for you to find that secret hairline  
fracture in my chest and push into it  
and down until something cries out.

And you'd turn fighter to keep your hands  
on me, five or six different ways, just to prove  
you are good at this

as you must be—I choke over the words  
to tell you: It's only a small matter  
of time before you, oh you

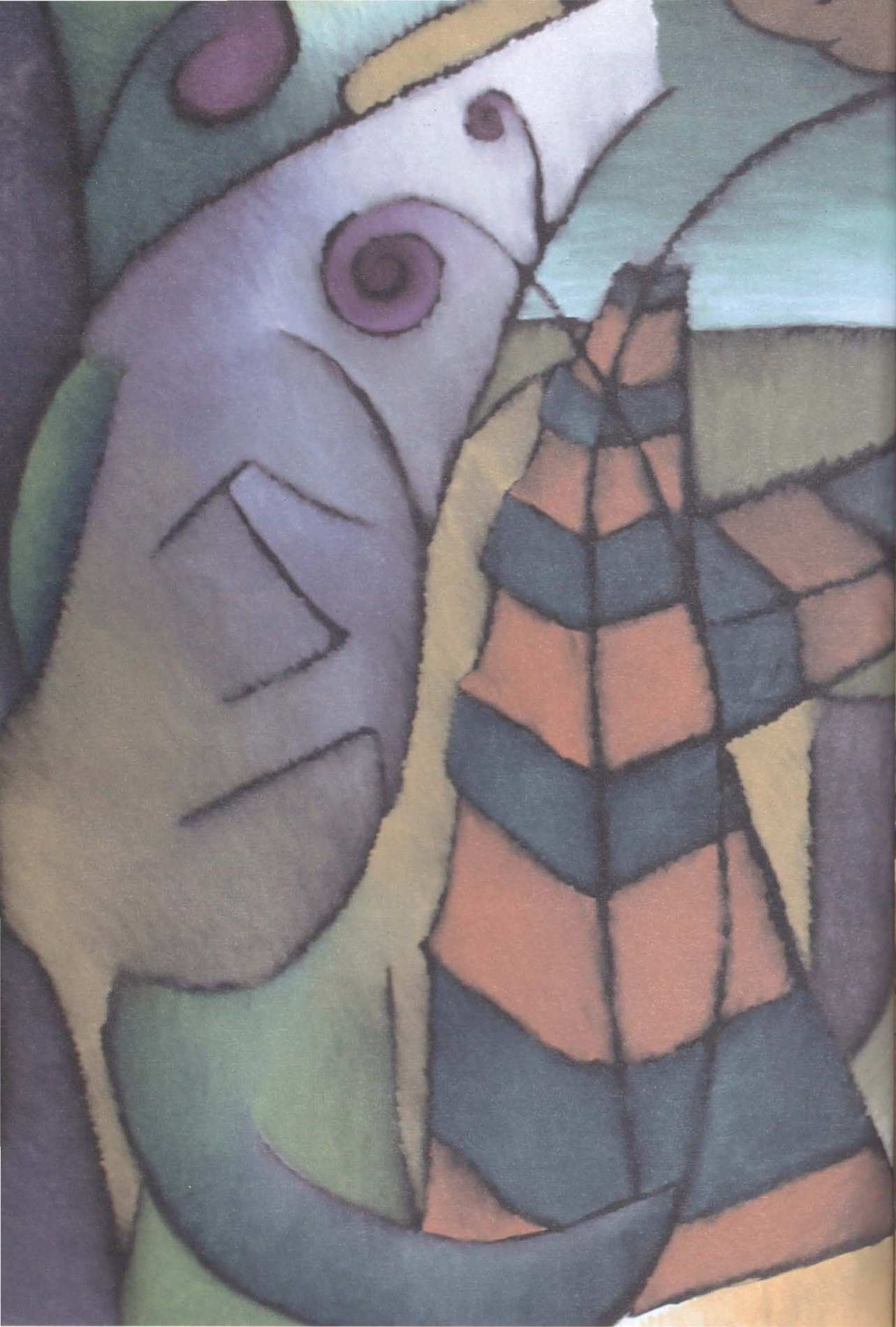
are dear and my foxhound.  
And foxhound,  
I forgive myself, for

I cannot help myself  
With you I turn into an open book  
of matches



**BRENDAN COSTILOW** *Shelley* digital photograph





**COLE THOMAS MOFFATT** *The Human Abstract* oil on canvas





I felt good as I strolled up the wide sidewalk, headed for Club Valhalla. It was Spring then, beginning to warm, and newborn leaves shimmered and danced in the afternoon light. This tree-lined street was one I had never taken before, and it felt safe and comfortable. I could smell the faintest honeysuckle leading me into a quiet neighborhood. As I followed the identical concrete squares, listening for sparrows and the giggles of children, I couldn't wait to get to Club Valhalla.

I noticed how nice this neighborhood was. It didn't look like it belonged in the city. Every street was shaded by well-trimmed trees and squat modest houses behind white fences, no weeds in the yards, no trash littering the ground. Through upward-stretching, swaying branches, sunlight blotted and swirled over my face.

I slowed my pace. I took a deep breath and closed my eyes to let flesh-filtered light wash over them. When I opened them again, I was already a few blocks down—I had walked right past several stop signs.

Up ahead, a middle-aged man—pale, wiry, rigid and stern—trimmed grass from the edge of the sidewalk. He wore a pressed red polo shirt and khakis. His hand was precise with the pruning shears he squeezed. The snipping blades glinted in the yellow dimming glare. He peered over his shoulder, catching me in his dark eyes. As I approached him on the sidewalk, his eyes narrowed and his little moustache twitched. Then he stood, wiped off his hands, and turned on a warm smile.

"Hi!" His teeth were bright. "You new here?" He held out his hand to take mine.

"Huh? Oh no, I'm not from around here." His grip was tight. "Well, not this neighborhood, anyway—up north a little ways." And I jerked my thumb. "But it looks nice here. I was just thinking how pretty it was." And his smile broadened.

"Well that's great! Glad you like it. Name's Stan, by the way—so, you been walking long? You tired?" I didn't feel particularly tired. I didn't even feel flushed.

"No, I'm alright." He was standing in my way, but I didn't really mind. He seemed nice enough. And I had enough time to linger, I thought. I told him his yard looked nice.

"Thanks!" he said, beaming. "We take a lot of pride in our neighborhood." His scrawny chest puffed under the polo shirt. "I'm kinda the neighborhood watchman, I guess you'd call it. I make sure everybody tends their lawns, keeps the place looking good."

"Oh really?" I asked. A fly buzzed in my ear and I swatted at it.

"Yeah," he said. "I used to live in another place that was pretty nice, but I didn't get along so good with the guy who ran things. I tried to make some changes around there, and they..." he paused, glanced away then back to me "well, then I ended up coming here—hey, you sure you're alright? If you're tired or something you oughta take a break for a minute." Now that I had stopped to chat, I did feel a little tired. And, now that he mentioned it, a little rest probably wasn't too bad an idea.

"You want something to drink?" he asked me. "Some lemonade, or some apple juice maybe?" He winked at me. "Tell you what—you stay right there and I'll go get you a cup."

And before I could argue, he slid past the gate and into his bright white house with its white shutters. Sunflowers bobbed under the windows out of beds of violet morning glory. A fly landed on the fence, ugly and stark against the smooth white wood.

He came back outside with a blue cup. As I raised it to my lips, an early streetlight flickered on and shone through the plastic, turning the cup green in my hand. The apple juice was bad—it was too cold, too sweet—and I tried to drink it fast. I choked and he chuckled.

"Go down the wrong way?" he joked. I tried to laugh along, but I was coughing too much. I gulped the rest of the juice to ease my throat, but it didn't help. "Ah. You're finished already," he said, and took the empty cup. Tears had filled my eyes, and I couldn't tell if he was smiling or not.

"So where you headed, anyway?" he asked, somewhat disinterestedly, as if he already knew. As if he had asked the question before.

"Club Valhalla," I gasped, trying to catch my breath. "Going to see a show..." I coughed again.

My vision was still blurry, but I swear I saw him sneering. The cup had disappeared somewhere.

"Well," he said, "the way you're going, you're never going to make it."

"Huh?" I said, finally recovering. But he offered no explanation. "Well..." I cleared my throat. "I guess I should probably get going..." He raised his eyebrows, but didn't say anything, just stared.

"Thanks for the apple—"

"It's down that way," he interrupted, stepping out of my path and pointing down the sidewalk. Then he went back abruptly to his work. I heard a light breeze, chalky ringing chimes, and nothing else. I took off down the sidewalk, moving faster this time than the time before. I wanted to get to Valhalla quick. I wished I hadn't stopped. I wished I was already there.

The sky was bleeding purple into quick-fading gold. I felt uneasy. My throat and stomach hurt from the coughing. White petals drifted down from the blossoms in trees all along the street. I felt them brush my face as I trod on those already lost. I looked around and realized I was lost as well.

I wandered for a long time past white fences, white shirts and khakis on clotheslines, drawn blinds and curtains, pristine black cars, and spotless gutters. I thought of asking for directions, but everyone was shuffling into their houses from tending their lawns, stifled looks on their faces. A fly bit my cheek.

I stopped at an intersection, frantic and dizzy, and looked up at the street sign: 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue. I had gone too far south. I thought for a moment, then checked my watch.

It was too late to turn back.





**DINA SHERMAN** *Birds of a Feather* (series) pencil, watercolor on paper

**GINA DiPERNA** *milk and honey*

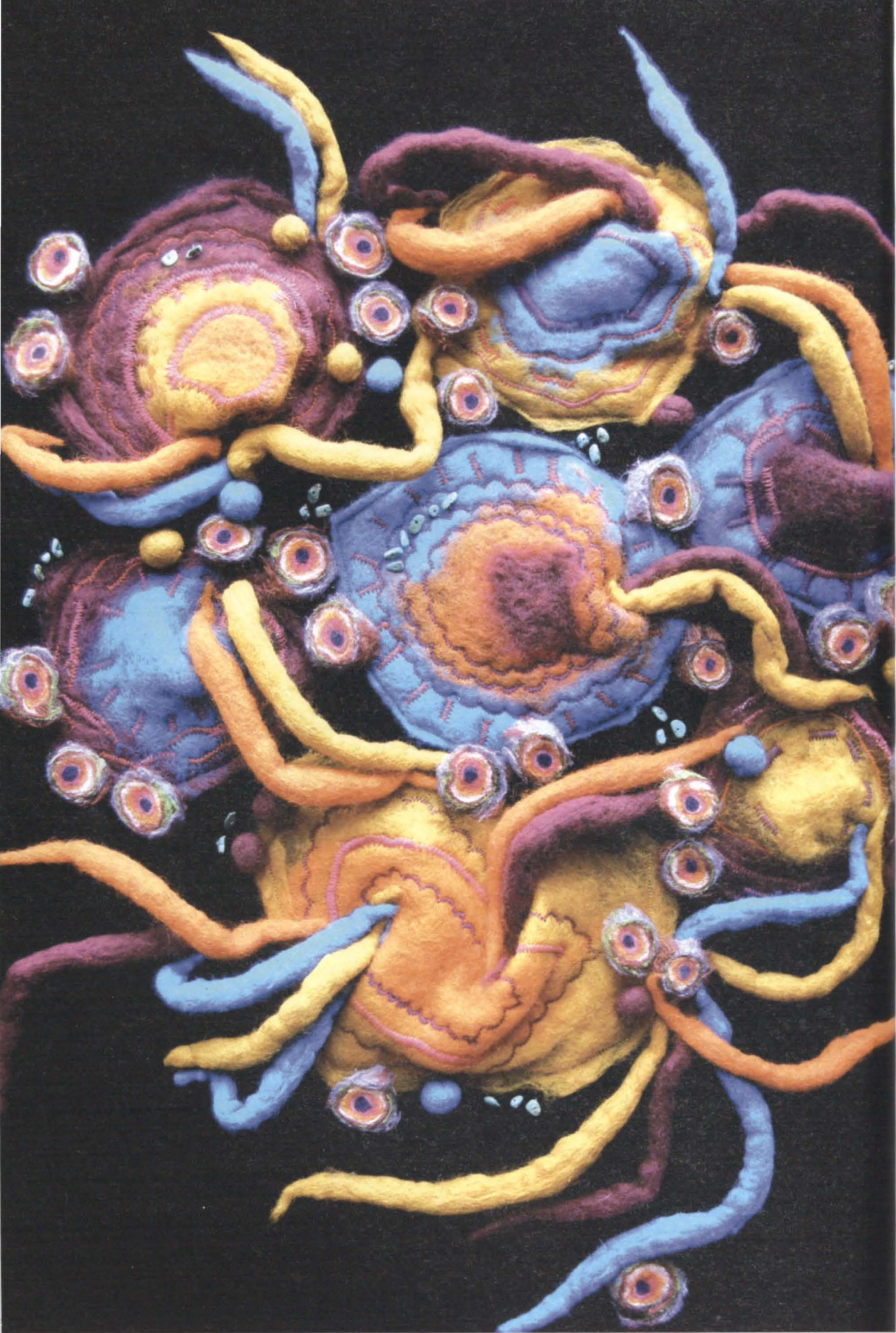
◇ 1st place poetry winner

drinking milk and honey  
in the mid-Atlantic  
in between a rainstorm.  
how hard, those bees,  
they worked,  
festering hive of parasites,  
to boil the sweet elixir  
with electric repetition  
of trembling wings.  
how hard, those cows,  
flesh spilling over their hides,  
their cellulous bodies full to the brim:  
gelatinous, lactating matriarch.  
how hard they worked.  
let men squelch the milk of their bodies  
running unclean hands  
over and under  
white liquid expelled  
with a resounding gasp  
and a clasp  
of once sacred skin.

how hard they worked  
to sit in your teacup,  
your raindrop stained teacup.  
your starched solitude  
makes the heavens weep  
at your disingenuous  
painted face  
held high in the rain.  
inching;  
condescending to the sea  
without regard for staunch formality:  
the rain just falls.

how hard, those bees,  
those cows, worked  
to sicken you with themselves  
but not with what they are worth.  
you sip your sweet, milky mixture  
alone.





**JANET TUSS** *Flagella* hand-felted wool, turquoise, and thread

◇ 2nd place art winner

**LOIS KWA** *Untitled*

Madness left mercy in the elevator  
seven dirty nights ago. With the flat descent  
of your thumb upon Ground Level Down,

so begins the urban legend of abandonment—  
my complex a drywall beast, you in the belly,  
an arrow-straight exit, and me clinging to the spine,

a smoking shadow on the fire escape.  
Trying to recurve the backbone of things  
is folly, is danger, folklore tells me.

Now I can hear the sound of your skateboard  
slamming pavement downstairs, at last.  
The most feral Fate sees me as a tensed muscle,

ready to burst. She tells the moon to cycle again,  
and the story ends. Girl fights to survive.  
Boy breathes deep. His blood says Kick, push, flight.

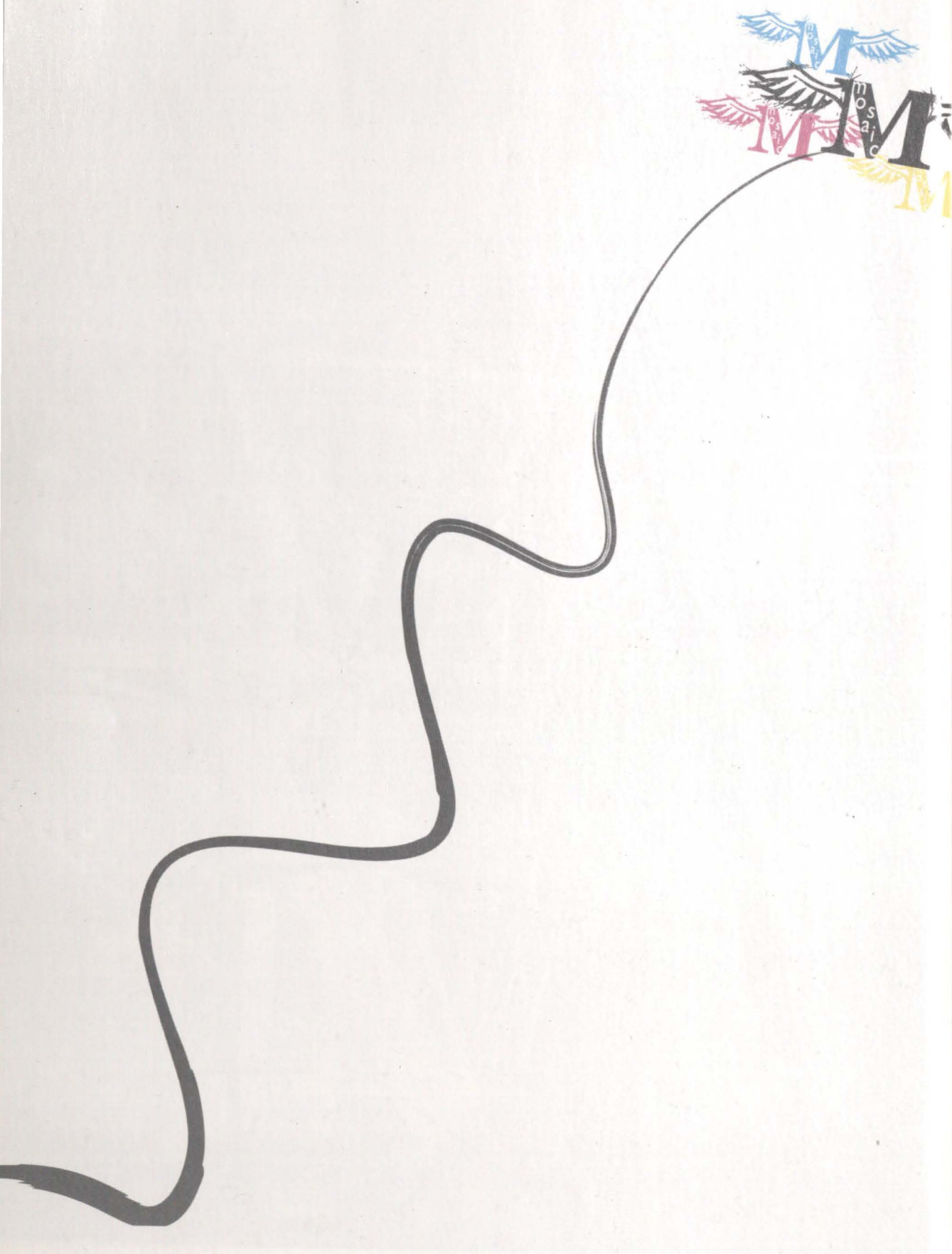




**AMY SHIN** *Static Intervals* digital art print

◇ 1st place art winner





## AUTHORS

### BRIAN BUCKLEY

"I'm a twenty-one-year-old Texan who enjoys computer programming, juggling, tennis, geography, fencing, learning foreign languages, and reading everything I can. I listen to Beethoven, the Beatles, and Koji Kondo. I write novels and create webcomics when I can, and I do schoolwork when I have to. And after all this time, my favorite book is still *The Lord of the Rings*."

### GINA DiPERNA

"i am currently a sophomore english major here at ohio state. words are my passion, and i believe there is no better outlet for words than poetry. although writing is a commodity constantly in transition, i know i love words, especially when written in lowercase. my hopes for the future include sharing more of my poetry in the ohio state community, warm sunny days on the oval, and progress. i am elated that my piece "milk and honey" has been chosen for this year's edition of *mosaic magazine*."

### JACLYN JANIS

Jaclyn Janis will graduate in June 2007 with a B.S. in Environmental Science and a minor in French. She will spend the next year in Togo working with Jeunes Volontaires pour l'Environnement, a Togolese NGO. Jaclyn plans to continue creative writing alongside scientific pursuits.

### LOIS KWA

Lois is an anthropology student, avid reader, prep cook, nomad, lover, fighter, and girl. She has a heart, a soul, one hedgehog, plenty of loved ones, no house plants, and an appetite.

### MELANIE LUKEN

"I am a first year at Ohio State, majoring in French. I am from Dayton, Ohio. I love poetry, French, math and dance. I am continually inspired by the people in my life and the observations I make. I wrote "Orion's Belt" this winter, and it reflects the feeling of losing someone and living without them."

### CAITLIN O'SULLIVAN

Caitlin O'Sullivan enjoys writing suspense and horror short fiction, much to her mother's dismay ("Why can't you write nice stories?"). Her "Letter from a Burning Windmill" was originally written for Julian Anderson's English 565 class, at the prompt "write a letter from a burning building." She was born in Columbus, and will graduate in Spring with Bachelors degrees in Economics and English.

### MARQUE ALLAN REAVLEY

Marque Allan Reavley is a senior English student. He grew up in Zanesville, Ohio.

### DAVE RINE

Dave Rine can usually be seen walking his poorly behaved Boston terrier, Busta, around campus. He's often drunk while it's still daylight out. He being Dave, not Busta.

### JANE TUSS

"I am a freshman from Dayton, Ohio. I am a general art major right now, but I hope to be either a sculpture or drawing and painting major in the future. I am very fond of reading short stories and reading and writing poems. This poem is about becoming very well acquainted with a funeral home."

### EVAN YOAK

Evan Yoak is a cynical optimist who will try anything once. His interests include languages, martial arts, le parkour, and trying to figure out what's wrong with poetry. He likes short walks on the beach, Dedalus-style, 4 AM conversations about philosophy, and water.



## ARTISTS

### BRENDAN COSTILOW

"I am a sophomore, majoring in photography. The camera I used was a Nikon D50, with a 18.55 mm kit lens. I don't really have specific ideas when I take pictures. I just like to find things that are interesting to me."

### ANN HU

Ann Hu is currently a junior, double majoring in Business and Art. She hopes to get her BFA in Art and Technology. She would also like you to know her last name is pronounced "who" and that she eats her Reese's with a straw.

### ELISE KAHL

Originally from Perrysburg, Ohio, Elise will be graduating this spring with a BFA in Art and Technology. As a multimedia artist, Elise creates short videos using camcorders, drawings, animation software, and everything else under the sun. At the end of May, she will begin a four month internship with the Western Arctic National Parklands in Kotzebue, Alaska where she will design and teach environmental and craft programs to the local community.

### CHARLIE MARS-MAHLAU

"I grew up in Boston, MA and Hilliard, OH. My father is a retired minister, and major in the U.S. Army. My mother is a director of art for a local publishing company. I have four half siblings (three sisters, and a brother). My academic interests at Ohio State have centered on the English major—writing and reading, but I have also enjoyed my history, architecture, and photography courses. After graduation, I hope to pursue an M.A. in English and teach at the college level."

### COLE THOMAS MOFFAT

"A self-portrait composed in symbols of ink on a glossy page.  
Grammatical Formulas forming a statement of me,  
Schematic paintings or hue-prints of my philosophy.  
A 'Romantic Manifesto' in an age of fear  
No Shaman is needed, only an ear."

Harmonizing hymns in a foreign tongue,  
The dialect is color and its form as one.  
Interpretation is simple,  
the cipher is free,  
Not an achievement of my own;  
Rather, the adventure of we."

### BRITTANY RANSOM

"I lend most of my time to paying attention to the elements that make art playful. The simplest line or color choice can completely change the emotion of a piece. I like to focus on loose movements and heavy blocks of color to emphasize this child-like nature. I love to make artwork that has a outward narrative and offer a small bit of insight into the stories I am creating in my mind."

### DINA SHERMAN

"I've never quite gotten over being uprooted from Russia when I was five. The experience has blessed me with an immigrant complex that has pushed my attention towards the in-between. Obsessed by this state physical, psychological, and temporal) for the past couple years, I allow it to direct my work and thoughts. I feel fortunate to have found such a wonderful conceptual companion."

### AMY SHIN

"Inverted: the telephone wires migrate into stripes in a composition book as words dilate into soundwaves scrawled by reeling birds. I grasp a passing plane with my gaze by traveling in vectors across the sidewalk while sampling unrequited wired moments as I throw conversations to the sky."

### JANE TUSS

"I am a freshman art student from Dayton, Ohio. I want to be a fine arts major, but I am not sure what I want to major in yet. Right now I am thinking of majoring in sculpture or drawing and painting. I am really interested in fiber arts. I like working with fabrics, felt, wire, beads etc. My inspiration for the two pieces that got in the magazine was natural shapes and designs. I used very basic and organic shapes and lines to create the simple, cell-like creatures that I created."

### NICOLE ZMIJ

"Although my artwork in the past few years has definitely been driven by a sense of pure exploration, it does indeed embody several common themes. First of all, I am often very physically present in my works, using my hands not only to manipulate the materials but also to create layers and textures through which I fuel an exploration of space and seek an interconnectivity or balance that leads to resolution. There is something simply enchanting about spontaneously introducing elements to a surface, and in a way allowing it to lead me. I like to look at my creative process as an adventure, allowing myself to experience and utilize the sensuality of the materials themselves. I am also an admirer of what I like to call the "happy accident," and I enjoy the mystery of leaving things to chance; therefore I often allow myself to see the canvas or other beginning surface simply as an arena for material experimentation that is subconscious and intuitive. Through consistently seeking a true awareness of physical, mental, and spiritual rhythms, my artwork allows me to fully engage in a search for the ethereal (God's intended purity)."

Nicole is a Drawing and Painting major within the Bachelor of Fine Arts program at The Ohio State University.



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From left: Susan Sprague, Marc Jones, Evan Thomas, Stephanie Chandler, Kaela King, Alison Eakin, Lisa Fousek, and Stacey Schlanger. Not pictured: Rebecca Hennessey and Meaghan Favinger.









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